

THE GOSPEL BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD, FLORIDA

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Be a Good Neighbor to the School—Edna Albrecht**
- **Keep Talking With Your Teen-agers—Ann Wilson**

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The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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School Days!

School days are here! And even the youngest finds a place. The fellow in the cover photo looks as if he is having a satisfying experience at Nursery School.

Parents have a real place in the school system! True, they may no longer be in school (though many are). However, their interest, concern, and support are needed. When Edna Albrecht writes "Be a Good Neighbor to the School," she is saying to parents, use your influence for good, for instance when schools are being criticized. Read this article, it will open some positive approaches to the home-school relationship.

One problem that both parents and teen-agers face in relationship to each other is that of communication. Why is it that each can no longer talk together about certain interests and concerns? If this is an area in which you are having difficulty, "Keep Talking with Your Teen-ager" by Ann Wilson should open new thought for you.

Do you know what your child sees at a movie, or on TV? And do you know what he or she reads in the comic books that devour his or her time? It appears that horror movies and horror comics have come to be more than a fad. Many methods have been devised to control undesirable comic books. Some of the suggestions tried in various communities, as reviewed by Aubrey B. Haines in "Cleaning Up Comic Books," may be just the approach you could use in your community.

How far should Mothers go in assigning household tasks to their children? Virginia Bradley in "Mother Is the Housewife," would have us evaluate what we are doing. Are we making slaves out of our children by giving them work to do—work that is both uninteresting and unpleasant? Have we gone overboard in this matter?

If the family is to have some time together, these days, family togetherness will have to be viewed as important enough for families to plan for it. A warm, loving atmosphere of family members for each other needs time in which it can be created. Experiences together seem to be the ties that bind the family group more closely. The article, "We Don't Find It—We Make It!" by George Riday can make a worthy contribution toward overcoming this difficulty.

Coming next month. Would Your Child Join a Gang? by Lawrence H. Janssen; The Senior High and the Christian Community, from National Council of Churches; and Make Your Party Price-LESS! by Edna Albrecht. Until then,

R. C.

Be a GOOD NEIGHBOR To the School

by Edna Albrecht

RNS



IN A RECENT INTERVIEW with a high school senior in our area, the headline read: "Teachers are the most important." Most teachers and school administrators would make a hasty amendment: "Parents are important too!"

For, as any building contractor would assure you, you can't build a worthy house without a solid foundation. Therefore, the first bricks of family training can sustain or topple the school career.

Yet—for ideal development of the child—parents must go further than the first bricks. They must continue to "go to school" with the child all through high school, not literally, of course, but certainly in spirit. How easy it is to get a picture of the parent in the attitudes of the child!

What is the role of "church parents"? Do they differ from others who prepare lunches every morning, see that brother and sister have handkerchiefs and turn off the television during study hours every night? Well, it is difficult to compare human beings, but (it is hoped) a church parent will have learned that good neighborliness applies not only on Sundays but every day, that wholesome ideals need not be confined within stained-glass windows, that parenthood is as real a Christian commitment as a career in the church.

Therefore church parents would know how to cope with

Johnny's complaints about his teachers and the boy who makes A's. Father and mother would not be so arbitrary as to punish without hearing fully the youngster's story. Nor, on the other hand, would they be so per-

—RNS





—Harold Lindner, A. Devaney, Inc.

When a bad grade crops up on his report card—now, honestly, was that because he couldn't do the work, or just hadn't paid attention.

missive as to take on a child's prejudice without investigating it.

Another understanding approach to the school would be made in the matter of taxes. Church people would understand that school administrators are not magicians, that they cannot provide new equipment and teaching aids for which they have no funds. Therefore, enjoyers of education's untold benefits would not work against adequate assessment of needed taxes.

Yes, an open mind is vitally needed in home-school relationship, especially now, when it has become a fad to discredit American scholarship. How often it happens that mothers who would never think of "talking behind anyone's back" do just that in discussing school matters.

Close upon fair-mindedness comes optimism. Find positive achievements in the school system. Teachers usually do not choose their life-career for economic reasons. They love youth and believe in youth, or they wouldn't be teaching. Would *you* like to take off twenty pairs of kindergarten galoshes, then after two hours put them all on again? Would you enjoy offering your pearls of knowledge, when students—often due to false attitudes—keep dawdling their time and talents away?

Another important consideration for parents is timing. Responsible parents have the most trouble in this developmental problem. They are meticulously careful for their child's babyhood needs, but they often forget to notice that the

youngster is growing up. Therefore, responsibilities are not yielded gracefully, when the time comes. To paraphrase the Bible—"There is a time for caring, a time for serving, but also a time for giving up."

Above we mentioned the advisability of accompanying the child to school, at least *in spirit*. This sounds on the surface rather fanciful; how can it be done? Well, for one thing, always find time to talk things over. Get the child to confide what he has learned, to describe his sports and other activities. What does he enjoy the most? Why? When a bad grade crops up on his report card—now, honestly, was that because he couldn't do the work, or just hadn't paid attention?

Granted that the child becomes less communicative as he approaches graduation, still the habit of mutual confidence, of sharing experiences, if firmly rooted, may well continue.

All this need not be only "in spirit." There are many opportunities to learn of the school's goals in parent fellowships. The Parent-Teachers Association provides a strong link. In many schools there are also Mother's Clubs and other groups. You don't have to rely on club membership. As a committee of one you are invited to enter the school door, inspect scientific equipment and visual aids, hear lessons carried on.

Parents often say that they are not wanted. In preparing this article, I talked to a number of school officials, "If parents will only come to my office and talk things over," a principal said. "I am sure that there would be splendid results in the child's progress."

This was echoed in the hall by a science teacher. "I know how important attitudes are," he said. "Working together simplifies things."

I asked a young teacher if opening the doors to parents might take too much time. "I'm not afraid of that," she said. "Parents of good students do come from time

time, but when the children like consistent failures, the parents seem not to care."

All of my interviewees pointed to parental attitudes as coloring youth's acceptance of its challenge. Responsibilities begin at home. When a child is ready to do things for himself, he should be allowed to. A child not trusted at home will have no basis for dependability in school."

Good study habits were preached from the supervisors down. "Colleges are asking less for brilliant students, and more for students with good study habits," a principal pointed out. "And you can't have this to the high school years. No, it has to begin in the fourth or fifth grade, when homework is first assigned."

Competition is a matter that has been viewed in many ways. The old-fashioned drive to "beat" someone else has been found to promote selfishness and sick ambition, it may even cause nervous tensions and a feeling of despair. Although for a number of years, the competitive drive was low-pedaled, now it is believed that a certain amount of such striving gives zest for hard work.

Competition, however, should be positive rather than a matter of getting the best of someone else. "See if you can do better this term than you did last," is a healthy goal. Or, "Let's try to raise the rating of our class."

Absences and tardiness cheat both the student and the school. Beware of too much pampering in

the matter of health! Some children develop pains in order to receive a mother's attention; this has been made quite clear by psychosomatic studies. If a child enjoys school, he won't want to be absent. If fears, insecurity, faulty placement in class spoil the joy of learning, it is time for parents and school to get together.

There are some problems, whose solution is primarily the job of the home: going steady, having a car in the senior year, television, allowances. How many parents beat their brains out on these, wanting to give their children fair independence, to show faith in them, yet not knowing at which point to apply restraints.

(Continued on page 30)

Photo by erb



Mothers are challenged to be understanding in their approach to the school. At coffee breaks, why not dwell on the positive achievements in the school system? You can then be a leavening influence.

An article by ANN WILSON about one of the toughest problems parents and teen-agers face.

KEEP TALKING with Your Teen-agers and

KEEP THEM TALKING with You

"IF SILENCE IS golden, we should be rich! Why does John have next to nothing to say to us any more?" my husband frowned as the door banged shut after our nineteen-year-old son.

"He's busy—and so are we. Why worry? When he has something he wants us to give him, he'll start a conversation quick enough," I answered.

"That's not the point. We're used to enjoying each other's company! But John's changed since he took that summer job and we went off on vacation. I haven't once had the chance to have a good talk with him since we returned. He almost seems to avoid me!"

"He doesn't mean to—He's just preoccupied with his own affairs. He still has an occasional word to say when we're alone together. It's just a stage he's going through." I tried hard to reassure my husband.

"If you ask me, it's an unsatisfactory stage! We want him to grow up and be independent and make his own decisions—but I think it's reasonable to expect him to talk things over with his parents once in a while."

* * *

I suppose most parents of adolescents are often puzzled by the lack of communication between themselves and their sons or daughters. A teen-ager is expected to be moody and withdrawn occasionally, but several weeks of comparative silence between an adolescent and the adults in a family is an indication that something is the matter. Should it be ignored, or should something be done about it?

I didn't know the answer to this. A few days later John made some comment to me about his dad being so busy. This seemed to be an opportunity to mention our problem. I remarked, "Your dad hasn't many idle moments, but he does miss your having an occasional chat together, like old times—Surely you miss this too."

My son was silent for a little while before answering, "Dad forgets I'm no longer a little boy! I'd like to talk things over with him, but when we disagree, it annoys him—and I want to make up my own mind!"

"Of course you do—and we're proud that you can stand on your own feet, but you still live with your parents. If we don't take pleasure in each other's company, isn't our house more like a hotel than a home?"

A smile flickered across John's face, then he admitted, "I hadn't looked at it in that way, but perhaps you're right!"

Fortunately, about this time, we came across a reference to the research of Professor Marvin C. Dubbé, Oregon State College, in the field of parent-adolescent communication. His conclusions are based on questionnaires filled out by more than one hundred college freshmen with an average age of nineteen. It was comforting to discover that all but one freshman reported some difficulty in talking about one or more subjects with one or both parents. At the same time, most young people expressed a need to talk with their fathers and mothers about their interests and problems.



Illustrated by Bettye Brown

A new light came to us when we read that a breakdown of communications comes as a product of emotion rather than as a product of reason. We had been puzzled by the sudden break in communication between our son and us, and it was helpful to read, in Professor Dubbé's study, that the strongest finding of the study was that young people of upper teens have a desire to be independent and that they are confident that they can stand on their own feet. Their very self-reliance prevents them from feeling any need for an interchange of ideas. They pride themselves on being "out from under the family umbrella," and their aloofness is part of their drive to continue to have freedom and self-determination. This, Professor Dubbé suggests, is a good signal.

We took a critical look at ourselves and suspected that there were factors in us which had fostered our losing touch with our son. We, much more than he, were to blame. Perhaps, we were too conservative in

many of our views. Certainly we had been very positive in our opposition to the "going steady" habit which all of our three teen-agers, (13, 15, and 19) had unitedly insisted was the pattern boys and girls followed today. Fear of anger and reprisal had sometimes contributed to damaged relationships, and we regretted that both of us were quite plainly not just annoyed but angry, when our son insisted on dating a girl of another faith, and this in time led them to going steady.

We had explained to our children that we respected the Catholic and Jewish beliefs. We are convinced that although it is a good idea to have friends of other religions, it is a mistake to single out one special friend of the other sex belonging to another faith. We have seen many mixed marriages, most of them none too happy. Several mixed marriages we have known have failed and only one we know personally has been an outstanding success—and at one point,

A part of the difficulty in keeping lines of communication open between parents and teen-agers is that parents seem uninterested or intolerant of the youth's views concerning various interests and problems.

Illustrated by Bettye Brown



it almost resulted in a separation. On this point, our daughters, and especially our nineteen-year-old son, couldn't disagree with us more. To them, our stand was narrow and undemocratic. As long as a person was a fine person, what did it matter about their church connection?

As parents, we agreed with Professor Dubbé that the principal burden of maintaining and improving relationships in a family, rests on the parents. We were heartened by his emphasizing the importance of love as the base of the relationship. We had never doubted our son's love for us, and his very silence toward us had sharpened our awareness of how fond we were of him.

It seemed a good idea to admit to John that we were sorry if our bluntness or our critical attitude to his dating a Catholic girl had been the origin of our trouble. When we talked it over with him, he seemed to realize that, much as we longed for peace and happiness in the home atmosphere, we, as parents, at times must be free to express our convictions, even our disapproval of a line of action. At the same time, he was nineteen, and had to choose to do what he considered right. We might influence his decisions, but he was the one who must make them and learn from experience whether or not they were sound.

To show our eagerness to go more than half way we suggested he bring his girl home when he wished and tell us about her and about their good times if he wished. This suggestion opened up doors of communication. Our disagreement about his going steady with a Catholic had evidently been the main cause of our difficulties. I could see that, as John said eagerly, "She's such an attractive girl—I'm sure when you get to know her you'll like her."

The break in our line of communication began to be repaired. This added greatly to our family happiness. We avoided thorny subjects. Knowing that our children looked at some things very differently from us, we followed Professor Dubbé's suggestions of discussing easier topics and taking a greater interest in their world. By trying to understand their points of view we have made talk, consultation, communication possible. They have responded by also trying to understand us and our points of view. We and our teen-agers now have a better and healthier relationship. We don't always agree, but we do always talk. It means a lot, even when your child is going to say something he feels you won't like, to know he feels free to say it, and wants to say it—to you.

ED WATCHED WHILE Lucy carefully placed a white felt hat over her dark waves of hair. He was nervous and a little worried, and because of that he was brisk. "Don't hurry. The children . . . we'll be fine till evening." It was hard for him to think in terms of "we" with the children. When his construction job began taking him from place to place, it had seemed best for the children and Lucy to stay behind. A road trip had no decent schools. And anyway, it wasn't good to be eternally moving children around. Ed flushed when he saw Lucy's brown eyes regarding him. She laughed lightly. "Don't look so worried, darling. Sal feels she's quite the young lady now . . . and Joey is nearly six."

Ed stiffened. "Don't be ridiculous, Lucy. Why should a father be afraid of his own children?"

Why, indeed! He could think

of a million reasons. For one, he hardly knew them. He knew how they wrote. He knew that. Stiff little notes that came after birthdays and holidays—Joey's printed scrawl and Sal's prim writing. But they were always exactly the same—"Dear Father, thank you very much. . ." He could almost see Lucy urging their unwilling hands into the task of writing a stranger, their father.

But now, no more travel. It would be different.

The first week home he was conscious of the children all the time. Not because they clamored over him or were noisy. Rather it was because they were so extremely quiet. They tolerated him, politely, or they deliberately undertook to entertain him as they did company.

"Want to see me bounce my ball a hundred times, huh?" Joey would say soberly. Or Sal would recite primly, "Would you like

your slippers, Father? Would you like the paper, Father? Would you . . . ?" Ed felt the child had memorized her lines.

He tried hard to be a father. He remembered to buy them ice-cream cones when they passed the drug-store. He gave them extra spending money and came home with extravagant toys for them. He bought huge peppermint sticks for the children and chocolates for Lucy. Occasionally they sidled up to him and asked a batch of silly questions, but his answers weren't satisfying. It was Lucy they ran to for breathless confidences, to settle quarrels or nurse small hurts. It was all very natural, he supposed, but he felt left out.

But today was to be his. His and the children's. And already Lucy was digging in her purse for the car key.

"It might be fun to have dinner right here, Ed," she said. "Sal

Their Day Together

by Helen L. Renshaw



adores making sandwiches, and Joey pours milk very nicely."

Ed hoped his grin reassured her. "Forget about us, gal. What we'll do is a dark secret."

"Secret!" Joey skidded around the door. "Who's got a secret?"

"Your father, dear." Lucy stooped and rebuttoned his shirt. "There! . . . And where's Sal?"

"Aw, she's comin'. But does

Illustrated by Norman Nichols

Ed lifted Joey onto his knees. How he wished Lucy was on hand to see what a good father he was being to his children now.

she have to stay here? Can't she go with you?"

Lucy waited for Ed. "Certainly she's staying with us, Joey," he said firmly.

Sal walked in then, neat and shinning and sweet. "I put on my best dress." She smoothed its yellow skirt, and Lucy smiled.

Ed still marveled that this beautiful child was his, but he wondered now, as he had before, why she always had to drag a dilapidated red purse with her. He'd offered to buy a new one, but Lucy didn't think the child wanted a new one.

"It's special," Lucy said. "Her very first grownup purse." It was a thing Ed decided a father wasn't meant to understand.

They walked to the door. Lucy kissed them each once; and they waved as the car backed down the driveway. Watching her leave made Ed feel suddenly very lonely—altogether inadequate. He struggled against the childish desire to run after her... and then Joey tugged his coat.

"What's the secret, huh?"

Quietly, with large, patient eyes, Sal regarded her father.

"We're going to the circus," Ed said. "How's that?"

"Yipes!" Joey squealed. "We'll see elephants and monkeys and lions... like in the pictures, huh?"

"Sure. And seals and clowns and..." Ed felt an unexpected enthusiasm, and some of his doubts vanished. Then he saw that Sal was staring dubiously down at her yellow dress. "I'll put on my play gingham," she sighed. "This is too pretty for a circus."

Ed gulped. "Oh, I think..." But she'd already darted upstairs.

"Girls!" Joey muttered and squatted down to wait.

When she returned, still swinging the red purse, Ed realized that his small spurt of enthusiasm had waned. After all, what did he know about kids? Lucy shouldn't have left him.

"Come on!" Joey said impatiently. "Before she's got to change again."

The circus had oozed out of two big tents and onto the sidewalk. Balloons floated colorfully, children stormed a yellow wagon, clamoring for popcorn and peanuts. Everything was very bright and gay and loud. When the crowd jostled them Ed reached for Joey's hand, but the boy drew back indignantly. It was Sal who slipped her small fingers into Ed's big palm.

The tickets cost a great deal, but Ed wanted the children to have the best seats. They were directly above the center ring. Joey nudged his father.

"Where's the elephants? Huh?"

"Soon," Ed said hopefully, but it was nearly half an hour before starting time. He bought them ice cream on a stick, but it was a mistake. Joey's half-finished blob of strawberry cream left a pink trail down his shirt front.

"He licks his crooked," Sal said complacently, taking a folded handkerchief from the red purse and wiping her fingers daintily.

The parade started, and Joey couldn't see, of course. So Ed lifted him onto his knees. Ed pointed out the trapeze artists, tried to explain the animal tricks, and the children watched, open-mouthed and starry-eyed. Once Sal pressed her hand to her flushed face, refusing to watch the man leap into a tank of water. But Joey yelled and beat his father's knee.

Ed grinned happily and looked around to see if his neighbors were watching. But they paid no attention. They sat with children on their knees, too. Suddenly Ed wished Lucy were there. He wanted her to see what a good father he was being to his children now.

But his legs grew cramped, little prickles ran to his ankles. He shifted Joey, and the boy complained loudly. Even when Ed explained, the boy was sullen. Desperate, because his brief hold on fatherhood was slipping, Ed signaled the peanut man.

"Cotton candy," Joey said stubbornly.

"Cotton candy," Sal echoed.

"It'll melt... get gooey," Ed

snapped. Then from the corner of his eyes he watched the two nibble the stuff until it was gone. He saw Sal pull out the handkerchief again and carefully wipe her hand and Joey's. When her eyes met his, they were a challenge. "We're not babies like you think," she seemed to say. And Ed thought *Wrong again. How can a father ever understand? Why should he even try?*

On the way out he bought a monkey on a stick for Joey and a celluloid doll for Sal. But the monkey was broken before they reached the restaurant for dinner. When Ed frowned, Joey looked surprised. "But I like monkey without tails better," he said.

Ed was glad to find a table for by themselves. The children talked excitedly, almost ignoring their father. *Not a word about all did for them*, he thought tiredly *A whole afternoon at a silly circus and now...*

"Didja see the lion's mouth when he roared?" Joey panted.

Sal shivered. "I didn't look."

Joey snorted. "Girls are dumb awful sissies." Unexpectedly he appealed to his father. "Ain't they sissies, huh?"

"Aren't they?" Ed corrected wearily. He ordered hamburger and milk, causing Joey to shriek "Pop! Mom buys us it."

Sal nodded, and Ed said "Orange pop, and one coffee."

His food before him Joey felt on it like a war orphan. Ed had scarcely sugared and sipped his coffee when the boy wiped mud from his face and said loudly, "Another, please. I'm not full up."

At last Ed remembered how fast the bills in his pocket were going and said firmly, "We've had enough."

The anguished look Joey flashed made Ed feel cheap and mean. "Two banana splits," he told the waitress.

When they came Ed looked hopeful, but Joey inspected his dish critically. "Mom won't ever buy us splits; too rich for our blood."

"And costs too much," Sal said cheerfully.

Ed flushed and felt his anger

ing. He'd spent his money and
led again. A proper father, he
d himself, would know not to
y food that was too rich for his
ildren's blood. "Don't eat it,"
snapped.

Sal's eyes regarded him with
error. "It's wicked to be waste-
l—Mom says so."

Ed choked on his coffee, and
ey slugged him on the back.
It's terrible manners to gulp,"
reproved gently.

When the syrupy mess had dis-
appeared, Ed stood up. He
ached for Sal's purse which she'd
oped over the back of her chair.
There was a quick tearing sound.
"My purse!" she shrieked.
You've gone and torn my purse."
Ed looked to see what had hap-
pened. "A nail... it caught the
andle."

The child's face was white but
ears didn't spill over. Ed won-
dered why he felt irritated when
he was being so brave. "Never
mind, it's old anyway."

But Sal did mind. She refused
o look at him, and Ed could tell
ne'd forgotten already the ex-
ing afternoon. Even the doll
ell to the floor unnoticed.

"Look, we'll buy a new purse
t the store."

"Nope," Joey said matter-of-
actly. "The stores are closed."

But Sal's shocked look had al-
eady convinced Ed that a new one
ouldn't have helped anyway.
Children, he thought, and fum-
bled in his pocket for some lemon
rops.

Sal took one, said "Thank you,"
and dropped it in her pocket.

"Zowie!" Joey cried. "Ain't
ou going to eat it?"

"Come along," Ed said sharply.

He'd been concerned about their
going to bed when they got home,
but he needn't have been. Joey
was too tired to kick up even a
small fuss. Sal slid out of her
clothes and silently folded them
n a chair. Joey's awful tiredness
nd Sal's misery became Ed's.
This was their day together and...

He heard them begin the prayer
Lucy had taught them, and im-
pulsively he knelt between the two
beds. Halfway through Joey's

voice trailed off into a yawn, but
Sal went on with determination
to the end.

"Amen," she said in a high,
thin voice.

"Amen!" Joey shouted, snap-
ping back to consciousness. Then
he added a thought of his own.
"God bless the lions and... and
..." His eyes snapped open,
looked directly into his father's.
"Say... us guys ain't afraid of
lions... or nothing, huh?"

Ed said round the lump in his
throat, "Us guys... aren't afraid,
Son..."

Joey smiled shyly. His hand
reached to his father, and some-
thing warm clutched Ed's heart.
Us guys, he thought. *My son said*
that.

"Good night," Ed said gruffly.
"Good night, Sal."

But Sal did not speak.

In the living room Ed hoped to
enjoy a little quiet. He spread

"Another, please. I'm not
full up."

the paper and tried to read, but a
small girl's stricken eyes stared up
at him. Don't be ridiculous, he
he told himself. Don't let a child's
eyes upset you. It'll pass, and
tomorrow... He got up and paced
the length of the room. *I bought*
her everything... even offered to
buy a new purse, he defended him-
self. But that wasn't the answer.
There was more to this thing than
that.

A sudden idea made him bang
his fist on the table. "I'll fix the
thing, make it good as new."

He hadn't missed the handle
sticking out from under Sal's pil-
low. He knew exactly where the
purse was.

In the bedroom, Joey was lying
on his back, smiling in his sleep.
But Sal lay at an angle on her
side, doubled up as if she hurt.
Gently he pulled the purse from
beneath her pillow.

Back in the living room he ex-
amined it. Stitches were pulled
loose where the handle folded
around small metal rings. It took

him some time to find a needle
and more minutes to thread it.
Pushing the needle back and forth
through the stiff leather was diffi-
cult, and the palms of his hands
got damp and sticky. But he per-
sisted stubbornly.

When the handle was secure he
felt a rush of pleasure over his
accomplishment. For a moment
he stared down at his handiwork,
and a brief smile touched his tired
face.

Maybe this was the part of being
a father that he had missed, this
understanding that led him to fix
a child's broken purse. He hadn't
really tried to understand how Sal
felt. Before he'd tried to win her
with things he could buy. But
now he'd given something of him-
self, and he felt... yes, he did,
he felt like a father. And the
thing in his hand was more than
a mended purse. It was a symbol,
a promise to keep on trying to
understand.

You can't buy fatherhood, Ed
told himself. *Children need*
fathers to ease little hurts, to give
them lots of love and understand-
ing.

He knew it would take time and
patience, because he'd started late.
But it could still be done. He
guessed he wasn't the only man
who'd found his children some-
thing of a puzzle. But he'd find
the answers.

Quickly he tiptoed into the bed-
room. Sal moaned when he laid
the purse down and gently pressed
her fingers around the handle.
The patent must have been cold
against her warm flesh, for her
thick-lashed lids flickered. When
she saw the purse, she flung her-
self upon it.

"Daddy! Oh, Daddy." Al-
ready she was halfway back to
unconsciousness.

At the door Ed looked back.
Our day together, he thought.
We'll have more... and they'll
be better.

He looked at the clock in the
living room. Lucy would soon be
home, but happiness welled so
fiercely inside him he thought he
could never wait to tell her the
things he had discovered.

By
Aubrey
B.
Haines

Cleaning Up Comic Books

Sadism
Torture
Violence
Horror
Crime

YEARS AGO A BOY took a Diamond Dick story to bed or behind the barn to revel in crime and vice. Today's youth is not so secretive. Newsstands have so flaunted comic books before him that they make the "questionable" stories of fifty years ago seem acceptable today.

The keynote of crime comics is violence and sadism in both text and illustrations. Girls are beaten down, lashed, strangled, and even beheaded, while men are shot down in machine gun fashion.

So bad did the situation become that a Senate judiciary subcommittee on juvenile delinquency held New York hearings for two days in 1954 on crime and horror comics. One publisher who released two million horror books monthly took pride in initiating such comics and affirmed good taste in his standards. Then Senator Estes Kefauver displayed the cover of one of the publisher's comics. It showed a man, ax in hand, holding up the severed head of a woman. "Do you consider this bad taste?" he asked.

"I'd think so if the man had held the head a little higher, showing the neck with blood dripping from it," the man replied. Then someone suggested that if the head was on a silver tray, carried by a woman like Salome, it would be true art.

Crime comics serve no useful purpose, except to make money for the publishers. Such books teach children how crimes are committed, how to conceal evidence, evade detection, and hurt and torture people. To avoid detection, it is shown that one can escape better by shooting out the light.

When the crime comics reached their peak of publication, it appeared that something needed to be done at once. Hence sporadic protests to such printed matter's cluttering the newsstands began to rise throughout America. A housewife in Bentonville, Arkansas, and another in Portland, Maine, became angry and called together their neighbors. In Philadelphia and in Valparaiso, Indiana, the Junior

Chamber of Commerce supported the drive. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, Robert Saltmarsh, a bookstore operator, went on radio to denounce crime comics.

T. E. Murphy, a columnist and editorial writer for the *Hartford Courant*, began a crusade against crime comics in his city by writing a column entitled "Design for Murder." The newspaper followed this up with a series of amplifying new stories, while Murphy kept agitating the matter in editorials. Hartford's success in getting the worst crime comics off the newsstands is a tribute to the initiative and persistence of Murphy and his newspaper.

The *Courant* plunged in with all its power, doing something almost unprecedented for a conservative newspaper. Lowering its masthead, it heralded the banner, "DEPRAVITY FOR CHILDREN—TEN CENTS A COPY," across the top of page one on its largest circulation day, Sunday. Accompanying the hard-hitting article which followed, the paper published a montage of photographs, showing covers of the worst crime comics.

The result was dramatic and effective. Wholesale news dealers sent notices to retailers to return all books they considered objectionable. The paper kept the crusade going with other news articles and editorials. Soon the Hartford Board of Education and others joined the fight on comics. Haddam stores stopped handling horror comic books. The Veterans of Foreign Wars in thirty other Connecticut towns backed the fight, and a drive in nearby New Britain began.

Individuals, singly and in groups, had merely awaited responsible leadership. Strangely, the people most pleased were the newsstand operators themselves. Their unanimous reaction was: "Excellent. We're victims of a system. We don't approve of the objectionable books, but how can we find time to read everything we sell?" In the past the responsi-

lity had gone to publishers of these books by default.

In Kokomo, Indiana, the Junior Department Club organized a local Committee on the Evaluation of Comic Books, including five professional youth-work rectors, four high-school boys and girls, and representatives from the P.T.A. and women's civic councils. Distributors co-operated readily with the committee's recommendations and removed from sale books rated objectionable. In Arlington, Massachusetts, a committee of parents went from place to place, checking newsstands. Owners, eager to earn customer good will and community respect, willingly dropped the sale of crime, horror, and sex comics.

Canton, Ohio, citizens organized a book barter. They collected 30,000 comics in one day by exchanging a "good" book for each comic turned in, thus initiating a drive that cleaned up newsstands. In Santa Barbara, California, after a civic-minded news distributor discontinued delivery of sixty comics, the P.T.A. and the public library established a lending-book service in local grammar schools. Teachers reported the book demand so great that children had little time for comics.

These are but a few uprisings that have helped to clean up local newsstands. Countless letters from parents, tired of the filth sold their children, were sent to the right places, also helping to do the job without hysteria or book-burnings. Parents exerted pressure on local outlets: the newsstand and the drugstore. One father, a traveling salesman, bought five indecent books at each newsstand he visited and tore them up before the proprietor, remarking, "I'd be ashamed to sell these to children."

Few dealers withstood the pressure of their neighborhoods and of such local groups as the P.T.A., the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Knights of Columbus. "I've thrown out everything except Disney comics," a New York retailer exclaimed. "Many mothers now buy comics for their children, so I don't want any objectionable books around." Some news dealers stopped carrying comic books altogether, while others complained to distributors, who in turn protested to the large wholesalers.

It is encouraging that the large sellers who have held their own during the sale slump do not indulge



—Photo by erb

Increasingly Mothers are buying the comics for their children. When this happens, complaints of objectionable magazines cause many owners to "clean" their stands in a hurry.



—Photo by erb

Communities have tried various means in overcoming this problem. In one, the citizens exchanged a GOOD book for each comic turned in.

in horror and crime. Dell Comics—not a member of the association but having its own rigid code—reports increasing sales of Davy Crockett, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Roy Rogers books.

The change in comic books represents a victory won by citizens who employed respectable methods in getting the newsstands cleaned up. Unfortunately the comic books industry did nothing about policing itself until faced with annihilation. By 1955 every comic book that had the sanction of the Comics Magazine Association of America bore a seal of approval, indicating conformity to standards set by the association's screening board. Those standards, submitted to wholesale magazine distributors of the Great Lakes Region in October, 1954, were noble if a little vague. Paramount were the sanctity of marriage and the value of the home. Divorce was not allowed to be presented as desirable, and any form of nudity or suggestive posture was banned. Horror and terror comics were suppressed completely. One distributor present at the meeting claimed confidence that each of the more than eight hundred American magazine distributors would support the ideals of the code administrator.

This was all to the good, but the best support would come from the parents, who could familiarize themselves with the code and encourage their children to read only those comic books bearing the seal of approval. The home itself is the most potent and decisive influence on children's reading, attitudes, and susceptibility to outside influences. Parents who neither own good books nor borrow them from the library and who turn first to crime news in daily papers may blame only themselves if their children develop similar reading habits. Likewise parents who exercise no control over their children's television selections could watch some of the current children's programs for a while before asking the corner news dealer to read and winnow the comics he sells. By contrast parents who read to their children from an early age can fairly hope to give them interests and discrimination that will see them safely past the shallow lures of crime and comics.

Any community can clean up the crime-comics situation if a few responsible persons set themselves to the task. To condemn such books in general serves no useful purpose. To do something about the *filthy* books in particular brings results.

Have Mothers carried the
"lend a helping hand" too far?
Are children supposed to do
Mother's tasks?

Mother IS the Housewife

by Virginia Bradley

Photo by Philip Gendreau



The period of childhood is relatively short. Some Mothers feel that children should be allowed ample playtime.

DINNER WAS OVER and the table cleared. We were sitting in the living room enjoying complete idleness, when one of our guests, with the candor of the intimate relative she was, tossed the verbal barb.

"Your daughter," she said, "should be out there washing those dishes."

And because I feel strongly on the subject, I promptly retorted, "Why?"

Several people in the room watched me bristle and were obviously startled at my vehemence.

"Why should she?" I inquired again. "I'm the housewife here, not my daughter."

The issue was dropped then and the subject changed, because someone sensed argument. Still, the thorn of criticism remained, and I felt the need of expounding this particular conviction of mine regarding parental responsibility. *Keeping the house is the mother's task.* My children have no regular mandatory chores assigned to them.

Before the solid parents of the nation hurl their protests, however, I should like to make myself clear. This is not a question of pampering, nor is it an experiment in child psychology. It is a firm belief that because childhood is very short and the burdens of maturity so imminent, youngsters should laugh and play and be care-free as much as they are able for the brief time society allows them.

One woman of my acquaintance who shares my opinion (I'm not sure there are many) raised her children by this philosophy, and her daughters are far from in-



Should sons and daughters be made to wash the dishes?

Roy Pinney, Monkmeyer Press Photo Service

dolent creatures. They do their own housework, a duty that certainly can become tedious and wearisome. They tend their families with love and labor and have accepted in turn the obligations of molding their children into substantial citizens. The same woman's sons are hard working men, apparently unaffected by their mother's leniency.

Another advocate of my doctrine was widowed at thirty-six, left with four youngsters to support and raise. Co-operative responsibility the family unquestionably shared. Still the mother burdened her children with as small a share of the mundane duties of the household as possible. When a neighbor protested, the woman simply smiled. "Their time will come," she said. "Let them play while they can."

On the other side of the fence, figuratively speaking, is a woman whose daughters had regular chores. Dishes they washed every night. They were given to understand it was their duty. One of these girls, grown to maturity, confided that the simple task was sheer drudgery. She vowed she never would do housework. Married now, she has gone back into the business world and delegated someone else to care for her home and children.

Look back on your own childhood. Remember how short were the years without care. And confess now, isn't giving children work to do actually a selfish gesture, not a magnanimous one designed to strengthen their character? Aren't the chores allotted to them the very ones that are most unpleasant and uninterest-

ing—washing dishes, emptying garbage, and the like?

Again I say, do not misunderstand. The children at our house are not *expected* to do specific jobs. That does not mean that they don't. The boys take out papers and garbage, baby-sit with the younger ones in the family and quite often do a bit of cooking and cleaning in the kitchen. My older daughter cooks a good deal, takes care of her younger sister and does innumerable errands on her bicycle—not only for me but for everyone in the neighborhood. I might add that they receive no payment for these things. They do them because they want a part in the family picture, possibly to save me time or steps. Or they do them because I have asked for certain assistance—asked, mind you, not demanded—and there is al-

says a 'please' in the request. The odds are ten to one the service required will be rendered with good grace. Every child who is loved and guided into gracious living by understanding parents will not only ask to help soon enough but will plead for the privilege. Furthermore, when that time comes, he should not be put off. A child should be allowed free rein in the kitchen once in a while, not just to clean up after someone else but to prepare a project that Mother could do quicker and far better. That Mother would do well to step aside, with crossed fingers perhaps, and guide the novice. Children do have to learn, and it is a parent's place to teach them. It would be equally wrong, according to this conviction of mine, to deny the proffered assistance as it would be to demand it in the beginning. If the mother of a family is chronically ill, of course, or if it is necessary that she must work, or if the family is very large, some of the work must be shared by the children. That is the exceptional circumstance. Even then, how much more pleasant it

is to have a child help because he feels he is doing a special favor.

For years I felt on the defensive with my doctrine. It seemed that everyone I knew thought I was scandalously spoiling my children, because their duties were not laid out for them. Only recently have I voiced my conviction. If four children and a home are more than a woman can handle, whose doing is that? The children certainly had no part in the planning. Certain things should be expected of children, to be sure. Maintenance of an orderly room and the care of personal belongings—these are musts in developing a sense of reliability and self-respect. Children also should be expected to conduct themselves in a manner that will be a credit to parents. They should do the very best work of which they are capable in school. They should exhaust their resources. If they have musical talent, they should develop it. If they have a zest for knowledge, they should read and study and should be encouraged to do so. If they excel in sports, they should indulge in all that is available to them.

I do not believe my children are spoiled. They seem quite able to accept responsibility when it is necessary. They share voluntarily many of the household duties. Perhaps my point is best made by citing an incident which occurred not long ago, when my thirteen-year-old boy sent his father and me off to a movie.

"You'd better get out right away," he said at the dinner table, "so you will get in when the show starts. Don't worry about the dishes. I'll do them."

You might say, "All very well. If doing the dishes was his job, it would have been just the same." But it would not be the same. How gratifying it was to see the glow of pride, the pleasure he experienced. He who felt he had so little to give made his gift one of service—a service not expected of him—to express his affection for his parents.

I shall continue to bristle when admonished by well-meaning friends and relatives, "Those children should be made to help you." Again I shall say, "Why? It is I who am the housewife here."



**BEULAH
FRANCE,
R.N.**

Hearthstone's Visiting Nurse

Parenthood

This month thank God for his great gift of parenthood. "Children are a heritage of the Lord."

Scores of longing letters come to me from childless couples, expressing the yearnings suffered by Sarah, Rachel, and Manoah.

For most of them there is hope. Adoption agencies are ready to

place "chosen children" where they will be carefully cherished.

After Jesus said, "I was a stranger, and you welcomed me," he explained: "As you did it to one of . . . these . . . , you did it to me." Again he declared: "Whoever receives one . . . little child in my name receives me."

Who can ignore such a statement? Many parents heed Christ's suggestion and add adopted, lonely little ones to their own families.

Childless homes often breed selfishness, envy, frustration, and other emotional ills. These danger signals have often been banished by adoption of some "chosen" child or children.

Not all childless Christian couples close their hearts to opportunities that orphans offer. Instead they accept the challenge to "Train up a child in the way he should go." They follow the teachings of Jesus and "lay up . . . treasures in heaven."

Mother Love

Striving to please my family,

I tried most earnestly—

To paint a picture, write a verse,

Compose a melody.

Instead, they wanted cookies baked,

Dresses ironed, and mended;

Stories told, lost toys retrieved,

Stray dogs, and cats, befriended.

I must confess, I do not mind.

God surely planned it so;

That mothers serve with acts of
love,

The best way that they know.

—Frances Faulin

WHEN SCHOOL BELLS start ringing, calling us back to scenes of the year before, or perhaps introducing us as newcomers to different school surroundings, I'm sure the party urge will be uppermost in the minds of all. For what better way can one think of than the party way, where upper-classmates can greet their friends, and at the same time welcome the newcomers in friendly fashion.

First in these plans, committees should be chosen to work with an over-all leader. Teamwork spells success. So after the location has been chosen (preferably a gymnasium or assembly hall), and attractively decorated with the school colors, then ways for entertainment must be planned.

The welcoming committee will have name cards prepared so each guest may have his, or her, own name pinned on in plain sight, to save embarrassment to the newcomers, and refresh the memories of those who have not seen schoolmates during the summer vacation. Under each name should also be written the month of each one's birth. These months are to be used later in games, and to break the assembled guests up into smaller units so the members can get better acquainted. The name of each month also appears on a large poster fastened to some portion of the walls of the hall.

When the guests are arriving, ask each one to take a place with the group to be found under the poster bearing the name of the month of that guest's birth. An upper-classman, known to most of those present from the school year before, should be appointed as leader of each group, to see that all are introduced to each other, and also lead in the games for their particular month.

School Stunts really start off the fun. Beginning with the January group they are each to choose some stunt, closely related to school, and act out, charade fashion, the special item they have chosen. Perhaps January will choose In-

door Sports. From this group they can select basketball, handball, boxing, fencing, softball, or table tennis to act out. February, for example, might choose Winter Sports such as bob-sledding, skiing, sleighing, building a snowman or a fort. For March there is track, pole-vaulting, discus throwing and so on. For summer months, picnics, swimming, boating, tennis, badminton and games of like kind. Each month of the year suggests a topic for such use. Or, if you prefer to keep the subjects more closely bound to the school idea, then there are the different departments to be illustrated such as science in the lab, domestic science including sewing and cooking, woodworking and manual training, music, plays and dramatics, art and others, all easy of representation.

The other groups try to guess as quickly as possible what the acting group has in mind, and the first correct answer to be called out, nets for that group a total of twenty points toward a prize.

At the end of one trip around, the groups are broken up with the use of a Grand March which ends up around the bowl of iced fruit-punch.

From here on, individual games and stunts are introduced. Here are some popular ones.

Name Your Seatmate. If the party is quite a large one, divide the guests into groups of ten or twelve each. A leader is chosen for each group and the other players are seated in a circle around the leader. He then starts the fun by saying, "Both names of your seatmate I would know, before I am able to count to four." He then points suddenly toward someone in the circle and begins counting slowly, one, two, three, four. The one pointed to must quickly give the first and last names of the one on her right. If she succeeds before the count of four the starter tries someone else, but if she fails, she exchanges places with the starter and the

Good-b Summer



by Loie Brandom



game proceeds as before. This stunt is more difficult than it appears to be because most school-mates call each one they know, by their first name only, and usually have to stop to think of anyone's last name.

Bringing Down the House. For this stunt the committee should have asked in advance, three or more good short-story tellers to be prepared to contribute a short, funny story each. A house of blocks is built at one end of the room. Each storyteller is blindfolded before he (or she) begins, is handed a softball and turned around a couple of times to lose all sense of direction. At the conclusion of the story, the teller must throw the ball at the block building to try and "Bring Down the House."

Vacation Days. The players are seated in a circle and each one in turn tells his right-hand school-mate where he spent his vacation. Thus the first one may say, "I spent my vacation in Atlanta. Guess what I did there!" The one addressed must then make a guess, using only words beginning with the letter A (like the city), and the answer might be, "Attracted Attention," or "Achieved an Ardent Admirer." The person answering then turns to her right-hand neighbor with the remark, "I spent my vacation in Boston. Guess what I did there!" The answer to this might be, "Bought black button boots," or "Blissfully beheld beautiful blue-birds and butterflies." In this fashion the game runs on through the alphabet.

A good paper and pencil game for a large group is the following. The leader requests the players to write down on their papers:

1. The name of a college.
2. The name of a city, town, or country.
3. Write down a date.
4. Name a vehicle of transportation.

5. Name of some object.
6. Girls write a boy's name. Boys write a girl's name.
7. Write "yes," or "no."
8. Name your favorite occupation.
9. Write a date.
10. What do you want to be in life?
11. Name a city, state or country.
12. Name two favorite sports.

When the lists are completed the leader asks each player in turn the following questions, in reply to which he must read what he has written. The replies will probably run something like this:

1. Name the college you would like most to attend.
Answer—"The College of Musical Knowledge."
2. Where is it located?
Answer—Turkey.
3. What date have you set for attending?
Answer—1492.
4. How do you expect to get there?
Answer—Ox cart.
5. What object do you expect to see there first?
Answer—Umbrella.
6. Whom do you expect to meet there?
Answer—Princess Margaret.
7. Will you be glad?
Answer—Yes.
8. Name your favorite occupation.
Answer—Day dreaming.
9. When do you expect to graduate?
Answer—A.D. 2000.
10. What do you want to be?
Answer—a comedian.
11. Where do you expect to locate?
Answer—Timbuktu.
12. What do you like best to do?
Answer—Eat and sleep.

School yells and class songs will make a perfect ending for a get-together of this kind and leave the guests full of pep and enthusiasm for the coming school events.

— Hello School!



Worship in the Family with Children

To Use with Younger Children

How We Learn

Theme for September:
**I Think About
Learning**

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

—Lil and Al Bloom



All day, Jimmy played alone. Every so often he would go to Reed's room and call, "Reed."

"Reed is at school," Mother would say. "He will be home this afternoon."

"Home," Jimmy would say.

When the school bus stopped near the house, Jimmy watched in silence till he saw Reed coming up the walk. Then he would laugh with joy and run to the door to meet Reed.

"Reed!" he would exclaim when the door opened.

"Hi, Jimmy!" Reed would greet his young brother, ruffling his hair, or patting his head.

"Play!" Jimmy would demand. Obediently, Reed would sit on the floor and build blocks, or push Jimmy's small cars, or read books to him.

This was what Jimmy waited for each day.

Usually Mother was the one who interrupted the play.

"Time for you to practice, now, Reed."

"Okay, Jimmy, time to put the toys away," Reed would say. And Jimmy would help pick up and put away his toys.

But one day, before Mother had said, "Time for you to practice," Jimmy cocked his head to one side, looked at Reed and said, "Music!"

"So you want me to play for you?" Reed asked. Jimmy laughed happily, then ran along beside Reed as he got his cello and music stand.

"Okay, boy, here we go," Reed said, settling Jimmy on his little chair. Then Reed settled on his own chair, opened his music, stuck a lollipop in his mouth, and began to play.

For a while Jimmy sat quietly. Then he began to rock back and forth on his chair and to hum softly with the music.

Reed smiled. "Mother," he called softly, "come and look and listen." Mother came into the room. She picked up her mending and sat quietly. Jimmy continued to hum.

Suddenly, Jimmy slipped off his chair. With his eyes fastened on Reed, he slowly drew near. He placed one hand gently on the cello.

"Music," he said softly. "How music?"

Reed looked at Mother. "What does he want?"

"We learn to make music, Jimmy," Mother said, "just as we learn to do everything else. It is God's plan for us to learn. You will learn to make music, too, when you are older."

"Make music, too," Jimmy said. And Reed was glad for God's plan for people to learn, too.

To Use with Older Children

Learning About a Hymn

Have you ever wondered who wrote hymns, and why they are written? The one printed on this page may be familiar to you. You may have sung it often in your church school.

The writer was asked if there was a story about this hymn. This is what she answered. "There is no particular story behind the writing of this hymn. The words did not come to me 'all of a sudden' as the words of some poems do. Neither did I write them because of something which happened to me at one time. I wrote this hymn because a new hymnbook for primary boys and girls was to be published, and hymns about the Bible were needed for it.

"A committee of church school workers from several denominations was working together to prepare the hymnal. The songs were to be the kind that would help them to learn about and respond to God, to Jesus, to the church, to the Bible, and to other people. This meant that a lot of songs which were then in other books would be included in this new one. It also meant that some new songs would need to be written, and this song was one of them.

"In writing this hymn, I had to keep in mind that the boys and girls who would sing it were in grades one to three. So I would have to use words which they knew and understood. The ideas would need to be those that would help the children understand the Bible better and appreciate it more, too. I also knew that the hymn must not be too long.

"I tried to remember these things as I began to list the ideas that might be expressed in the hymn. Since it had to be brief, I could not use all the ideas in a single hymn. To use too many ideas would confuse the girls and boys rather than help them. After listing all the ideas, I began to cross from the list those that might not be as helpful as others. There finally were left only those thoughts centering around Jesus and the record of what he did and taught as found in the Bible.

"But how should these ideas be put together in a hymn for children six to eight years old? Remembering that the girls and boys must be able to understand the words and that the thoughts must help them to appreciate the Bible, the actual writing of the verses was begun.

"There was still more to think about—the meter and rhythm. This meant that only those combinations of ideas could be used which could be fitted into verse form with some of the lines of the verses rhyming. I would write a little, then start over again. I did that until the two verses printed below were finished and I was satisfied with them.

"The verses of the song were accepted by the committee working on the new hymnal. They were set to the music of a very old song and published in the new hymnbook. I will be happy if they help some boy or girl to appreciate and love the Bible as a guide for his daily living."

The Bible Helps Me

ST. FLAVIAN

Mabel Niedermeyer, 1941

Adapted from *Day's Psalter*, 1563

1. The Bi - ble helps me know the Friend Of chil - dren ev - ery - where,
2. I like the sto - ries that it tells Of Je - sus do - ing good;

Who came to help us un - der-stand Our Fa - ther's love and care.
They help me act in friend - ly ways To do the things I should.

Words from "Hymns for Primary Worship." Copyright, 1946, The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

For Family Worship

Morning Prayer

Dear God, the morning sun
Has come again, and here's a
brand new day!

I'll read and paint and build with
blocks,

And go outside to play.

I'm glad the sun is shining bright,
I'm glad the skies are blue;
I'm glad the birds are singing—
And I feel like singing, too!

Please help me to be kind and good
And help me choose the right.
Watch over me the whole day
through,
From now—until the night.

Amen.

—Ruth Dwyer¹

For Today

Today was so much fun, dear God.
I liked it every bit.
So now I want to thank you, God,
For every part of it.

—Eleanor Dennis¹

Evening Prayer

Dear God, the night has come.
It's time for me to go to bed.

The birds are in their nests—
Their songs are still.

From out my window I can see
The evening stars, just peeping
through.

The sky is dark.

The trees look black and lacy.

I listen to the stillness.

Far away I hear a barking dog.

I think about the day that's over
now:

Of all the things I did, the fun
I had.

It was a nice day God, and thank
you.

And thank you for this quiet dark.

I'm glad the night has come,

And I can sleep and rest.

Be with me through the night,

And be with all those I love.

—Ruth Dwyer¹

¹From *Story World*, copyrighted 1955
and 1956 by The American Baptist Pub-
lication Society. Used by permission.

Josef Scaylea from A. Devaney, N. Y.



Worship Center: If your children help to arrange a worship center to set the mood for worship in your home, they may think of ways to suggest the theme. A few schoolbooks, pencils and tablet, or other materials to suggest school, would be appropriate with the Bible.

Call to Worship:

And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 2:52.

Song: Use the song printed on page 19, or choose from the primary pupil's books one of the following: "We Love Our Church, O God," year one, fall quarter, page 19; "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," year one, summer, page 33; "Glad I Am to Grow," year one, summer, page 45; "I Would Follow Jesus," year two, winter, page 35; "Jesus the Teacher," year two, spring, page 33; "A Birthday Wish," year two, summer, page 45.

Poem: Use one of the poems on this page, or choose from the following (found in the primary pupil's books): "A Morning Prayer," year two, winter, page 34; "Prayer on a Birthday," year two, summer, page 36.

Story: If you wish to use a story, use the one on page 18, or choose from the primary pupil's books one of the following: "Jesus Teaches How to Help," year one, spring, page 36; "Learning from Jesus," year one, summer, page 37; "Going to School in Nazareth," year two, winter, page 7.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation on the call to worship, the songs sung, the story told, or choose from the following in the primary pupil's books: "Growing and Learning," year one, summer, page 43; "Growing in Wisdom," year two, summer, page 34.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer, or use the one here: Dear God, we are glad that we can learn about your wonderful world. Thank you for your plan for us to learn. Amen.

Wilhelmina Wins a Blue Ribbon

by Rae Cross

Illustrated by Winifred Jewell

EVERY DAY FOR WEEKS Teddy had told Wilhelmina about the Fair. "There'll be lots and lots of rabbits there," he said as he rubbed her long pink ears. "But," Teddy assured her as Wilhelmina wiggled her nose, "there won't be any rabbits as nice as you." He brushed her soft white fur carefully. "I can hardly wait to see your cage with the blue ribbon fastened on it," he said grandly.

Teddy put Wilhelmina back in the pen with the other rabbits. "I'm going to win—I'm going to win," he sang happily as he entered the kitchen.

Mother stopped setting the table. "Teddy," she said, "we know Wilhelmina is a beautiful rabbit, and you have taken excellent care of all your rabbits; but—there will be lots of well-cared-for rabbits at the Fair."

"I know," interrupted Teddy, "you think one of them might win instead of Wilhelmina," his voice trembled.

"Just don't plan so much on it," said Mother. "They can't all win and I would hate to see you disappointed."

"Wilhelmina's just got to win," Teddy said to himself as he hung up his cap.

"Teddy, Teddy," called Mother next morning. "Get up, quick."

Teddy jumped out of bed and

scrambled into his clothes. Today was the first day of the Fair! He had a lot to do before he took Wilhelmina out to the Fair grounds.

"Teddy," Mother said, putting her hand on his shoulder, "Wilhelmina has dug her way out of the pen again. Daddy and I have looked everywhere for her. The other rabbits are there, but Wilhelmina's gone!"

"She just couldn't get out—we fixed every place tight," cried Teddy.

"I know," sighed Mother. "But she found a new place to dig and she's gone. You can see for yourself."

Teddy ran out into the yard. He didn't want anyone to see him crying, and he had to find Wilhelmina!

It was easy to see where Wilhelmina had dug her way out. But where had she gone? Teddy looked everywhere he could think of. At noon he came in—hot, tired, and no longer caring who saw him crying.

When Daddy came home from work the three of them looked

again—under the porch, in the garage, everywhere a rabbit might hide.

"If only I had fastened her up in Butch's house," said Teddy. "Butch sleeps on the porch instead of in his dog house. I could have fixed a door on it and kept Wilhelmina there while I was getting her ready for the Fair." Teddy stood sadly eying the dog house. A scuffling sound caused him to get down on his knees and peer into the dog house. "Mother, Daddy," he yelled. "Look here!"

Mother and Daddy looked inside—then turned to each other and smiled. "Seems Wilhelmina had other plans than attending a Fair," said Daddy.

"Much better plans, I'd say," nodded Mother.

"Babies," squealed Teddy. "One, two—there's seven of them. Oh, isn't it wonderful," he said, stroking Wilhelmina's ears.

"I'll fix the house so nothing can get in to bother her," laughed Daddy, "and you'd better get a pan of water and some food."

(Continued on page 30)



We Don't Find It—

We Make It!

by George E. Riday, Ph.D.*

WHEN A GROUP OF people commence chatting about best-sellers and other books, someone invariably confesses that he wishes he had more time to read. If a person has the reputation of being an avid reader his friends frequently want to know how in the world he has time to read so much. One such lover of books was queried as to how he found time for so much reading. His rapid reply was, "I don't *find* time, I *make* it."

With all of the demands of the church, the school, the daily routine of making a living, and caring for the home, how do we find time for wholesome family relationships? The modern family that is trying to be competent at one of the most fundamental of all enterprises—living and learning effectively as a family—is caught in a maze of conflicting influences.

Here is the problem. Worthwhile family life must take into consideration the total life of each member of the family and the collective behavior of the group as a unit. Now in order to do this well most families depend in some measure on agencies outside the family, i.e., the church, the school, and other community services. Yet these same agencies that promote individual and collective growth in the family also tend to separate the family and interfere with its solidarity. The public schools are demanding more and more time of their students. This means less time at home. Any church that is worth its salt will have activities that extend beyond the regular Sunday and midweek services. So when the church is doing its task well, it, too, may interfere with attempts to keep the family together. In many churches the family cannot even worship as a unit because Dad is an usher, Mother sings in the choir, Junior sits with a school chum, and Mary Ann assists in the nursery on Sunday mornings. What each member of the family does on Sunday mornings at 11:00 may be very commendable but their various activities may militate against the unity of the family. How, then, in the midst of outside demands for the time and talent of family members do we find

time to live, learn, worship, play, and work together as a family? As in the case of those who engage in abundant reading—we don't *find* time, we *make* it.

The average family has to begin with a sincere desire to want to be together for meaningful activities. Effective family living is more than a few hastily eaten meals together or all members of the family being in the house at the same time but engaging in separate interests in different rooms. It is very possible for a family to live together and still be a "broken" family. So we begin by *wanting* to act as a unit. In most instances we will find that the children are more willing to co-operate than the parents. Children like to be doing things with their parents and participating in collective projects. If children act as though they are not interested in being with their parents it may be that the parents have never deliberately planned activities with the total group in mind. Maybe the children have had to go along with Mama and Papa and have never been treated as individuals who ought to have an opportunity to make suggestions about family plans and projects.

Let's agree that we want to do things as a family—how do we find time? Remember, we *make* it; we don't *find* it. Why not begin by having an "official" family meeting some evening after dinner. At this time the family could plan what activities it would engage in for the next week, two weeks, month, or whatever period of time is decided upon. Such a democratic procedure insists that everyone be heard and that the entire family be considered. We can't go trout fishing every week just because Dad enjoys it. However, there is no reason why an occasional fishing expedition cannot be planned which includes everyone. If Bobby has a new kite that he wants to try, some Saturday afternoon ought to be set aside for the whole family to jump into the exciting adventure of getting the kite airborne. At least, it is an exciting adventure for Bobby, and parents who are serious about their God-given responsibility and privilege ought to find some thrill in the experience. It may not be the thrill of seeing a kite figure-eighting against the background of blue skies and

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whipped cream clouds, but the joy of family sharing will stir the emotions of a conscientious mother and dad.

There are some family enterprises that are ready-made. It is unnecessary to plan them or even prepare for them. How about watching television as a family engagement? Quite often the whole family will sit and watch a few programs. However the activity is not identified as family-centered. It just so happens that the group was present as a unit without any previous agreement. It is not suggested, obviously, that every time the family is together we have to make a structured family experience out of it. There is value, particularly for the children, if we say we are going to select certain programs that we will all watch some evening. Television shows portraying family life are often of interest to the whole clan. Program selection can be determined by the children rather than the parents since the adults will be able to choose their own favorite shows after the children have gone to bed.

The family may make a television party out of the affair by having some kind of snack. For the children it does not have to be elaborate. A coke

and potato chips or milk and cookies, usually fill the bill. The good derived from the evening is the realization on the part of all that "we" have done something as a family. A warm and loving atmosphere has been created.

One of the advantages of family planning ahead of time is that it assures time for the family. A busy father has the right to tell someone he is busy when there is a request for his services at a time that conflicts with something the family has planned. This is true even if it is nothing more than watching television on a scheduled family night. An engagement with one's family should not be broken except in the instance of an exceptionally important event. When it is necessary to break a family date another date should be substituted.

Perhaps the church can be of assistance by observing Family Sunday, either as part of the observance of National Family Week, or at some other time of the year. The purpose would be to emphasize the need for family worship. On this Sunday a definite attempt could be made to have entire families sit together. It may mean dispensing with the choir, or getting new ushers, or eliminating the nursery

Some family life time is made for us. (Witness the invasion of the home by TV.) Why not make the best of this readymade occasion of being together?



—Photo by erb

for one Sunday. In place of the regular sermon it may be well to have various families reveal their practices that have made family living more significant.

Here is another suggestion that makes it possible to have family experiences. Have you ever been called on the phone and invited for dinner at a friend's home? Has the invitation then been explained that the children were not included? Why not include the children? This suggestion does not preclude the possibility nor does it hint at the inadvisability of a husband and wife dining alone or with another couple. The point is this—too many times children are considered excess baggage. Maybe you could start a fad of inviting complete

families to your house for a social event or dinner.

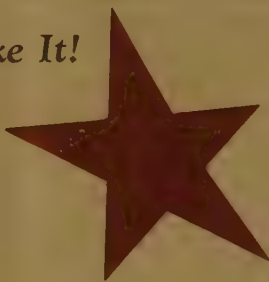
Numerous families have learned the significance and thrill of family living by spending a portion or all of their summer vacation in a family camp. Many fathers have confessed that they came to camp with Mama and the kids mainly because of the extreme pressure from the other members of the family. After a week or two at family camp they were genuinely converted to the real fun and satisfying experience that family enterprises afford. Crafts enjoyed by the whole family were taken home as a lasting souvenir of the camp.

Then, there are all sorts of possibilities for the family on birthdays and national holidays.

In view of the importance of the family in its

For: We Don't Find It—We Make It!

Study Guide



I. Getting Ready for the Meeting

1. Everyone who will be at the meeting ought to read the article "We Don't Find It—We Make It." Along with reading the article it will be profitable to jot notes in the margin of the magazine, if it is yours, or on a separate piece of paper if *Hearthstone* is borrowed. The notes should include questions about the article, points at which you disagree with the writer, and suggestions that you think will be of help to other parents who have the persistent problem of "finding" time for family activities.

2. Perhaps some word of explanation is in order in view of the fact that the article does not contain too many specific suggestions. When parents deal with the difficulty of not having enough time to do the things that they ought to be doing with the family there are two factors to be considered: (1) Is the problem basically one of not being able to think of enough specific activities and projects for the family to engage in, or (2) Is the problem fundamentally one of values? Do you think the average family needs a list of things to do and as soon as the list is mimeographed and distributed it will function as a unit in the activities listed? Or is the real difficulty that of assigning values to certain areas of life? Is Dad's job always more important than even a family picnic? Is Dad too tired to play with the family after he comes home from the factory or office? Does the Woman's Club have priority over the family as far as Mother is concerned? So, what is the answer? Is it lack of know-how or is it lack of want—that keeps us parents from spending

more time with our children? Come prepared to kick these questions around for awhile.

II. The Meeting Itself

1. The group will undoubtedly have its business session and devotional period in its accustomed manner. These suggestions are for the program. The leader (and in parent groups it seems logical to have a husband and wife serve as a team) may introduce the subject by reviewing the article for the benefit of those present who did not read it. This review ought to be given from memory rather than read. If the leader does not demonstrate enough interest in the subject to have the main idea of the article firmly fixed in his mind we cannot expect the group participants to be very much excited about the discussion. This introductory comment should take no more than four or five minutes.

2. The group should be asked to respond specifically to the article or in a general way to the subject of finding or making time for the family. The question can be raised, after some discussion, whether or not the basic difficulty is one of not knowing what types of activities the family can engage in, or is it a problem of what we as parents consider important? Is it true that we usually find time for the things we really want to do? Does the man who loves to bowl and is in a company league "find" time to be at the league games, or is there a somewhat definite arrangement of schedules to guarantee that he will be tumbling the hardwoods every Thursday night? I used Thursday night because I knew he would be at

Midweek Meeting at the Church on Wednesdays!

3. The preceding discussion should last about ten minutes and then be called to a halt. At this point why not have a Buzz Session. This is a good device for getting everyone into the act. We all know that not everyone participates in discussion and yet there very often are persons present who are capable of making a valuable contribution to the question being considered but they hesitate speaking in a group that is larger than five or six people. The Buzz Session is made to order for those who are reluctant to speak in a larger group. Here is how it works in case you are not sure. The entire group is divided into smaller groups of about four or six persons. Each small group selects a chairman and a reporter. The chairman presents the questions to be considered and sees that everyone speaks who so desires. The reporter jots down the conclusions of the group and reports them to the entire assembly after the smaller groups are dissolved into the original larger group.

Each small buzz group is to answer these three questions:

(a) What influences compete for the time of the members of your family and therefore make it difficult for your family to do things together?

(b) Are some or all of these competing influences and activities more important than family activities? Which are and which are not?

(c) What are some family activities and projects that it would be worthwhile "making" time for?

The buzz groups should spend about five minutes on each of these questions. The leader of the meeting should indicate to each buzz group when they ought to move on to the next question. When the time is consumed the reporter in each group reveals to the entire assembly how his buzz group answered each question. It might be well to mimeograph notes made by each reporter so that everyone present can have a copy of the findings of the total

(Continued on page 30)

ole of influencing the behavior of children there is no more vital responsibility and opportunity for parents than that of being good parents. A man may have a very important position in industry but it is not more important than his position in the family as father. A mother may be an "indispensable" leader in the Sunday Church School or Friendship Bible Class but that worthy duty had better not be the factor that prevents her from being a Christian mother to her own brood. It may not be too unfair to state that the genuine love we have for our children can be measured by the amount of time we are willing to spend with them. We cannot substitute gifts to our children for the time we rightfully ought to spend with them.

An ingenious father who each night received the request to tell his three-year-old son the story of *The Three Bears*, decided to put the story on a tape. The next time the nocturnal request reared its insistent head, the father carried the tape recorder into the youngster's room and placed it on a chair near his bed. The recorder was turned on and Papa relaxed in the living room with his newspaper. In two minutes the little fellow called for his Dad. When the father appeared in the room he heard an objection to the mechanical reproduction of *The Three Bears*. The Father explained that it was his own voice. The little fellow responded, "I know it is Daddy, but I can't sit on its lap." It takes time to love.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Eat greedily -----	70 119 57 31 15 41
B Customary, or ordinary -----	113 38 5 25 52
C Traveling bag -----	64 56 80 19 46 36
D A man's servant -----	110 98 122 111 88
E Baby's first shoe -----	44 14 54 93 4 43
F Sometimes it hides a pearl -----	87 21 6 73 50 61
G Clock faces -----	106 121 18 108 48
H Move about restlessly -----	115 63 17 1 58 97
I Country called "The Land of the Midnight Sun" -----	66 60 23 49 77 13
J Smashes, or makes a wreck of --	112 68 100 28 53
K Long passage of water, like Puget for instance -----	85 74 37 102 79
L Something to be solved by guessing -----	69 9 26 83 20 65
M To add, multiply, divide -----	30 109 62 40 75 24
N Reason or cause for some act ---	95 39 99 2 35 94

O Struggled physically -----	59 92 84 33 8 45
P An inn or hotel -----	7 51 120 81 16 90
Q First digit of the hand -----	91 55 104 118 103
R Share with others -----	11 34 3 89 42 71
S Group of young chickens, just hatched -----	22 32 101 117 29
T Fruit that seems to grow upside down -----	72 12 78 47 86 27
U State flower for Iowa, North Dakota, New York -----	116 67 10 107 76
V Signal for lights out in soldiers' barracks -----	105 82 96 114

(Solution on page 28)

		1	2	3	4		5	6		7	8
9	10		11	12	13		14	15	16		17
18	19	20	21		22	23	24	25	26		27
28	29		30	31	32	33	34	35	36		37
38		39	40	41		42	43	44	45	46	
47	48		49	50		51	52	53	54		55
56	57	58		59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
	67	68	69		70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79		80	81	82	83		84	85
	86	87	88		89	90	91	92		93	94
95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102		103	104	105
	106	107	108	109	110	111	112		113	114	
115	116	117	118		119	120	121	122			

Pupils of Fremont, Ohio, week-day class share with parents and friends a dramatization of an Old Testament story.



The Ohio Council of Churches.

Exercising Our Freedom for the sake of our children

"THE HARTFORD APPEAL," coming in response to criticism of the recent Conference on World Order of the National Council of Churches, is an anguished cry for freedom. "The issue is the right of the citizens of whatever race or creed, and of any peaceable organization he chooses to form or join, to discuss freely and to express judgments without exposure to attacks upon his motive or integrity for daring to exercise the right to do so..."

Such a right, the appeal states, is especially vital to the church "which owes a duty to lead and to inform, so that its members may be aided in reaching morally valid judgments in the light of their common faith."

Edwin T. Dahlberg, National Council president, vigorously urged the American churches and their members to debate openly the great issues of public and private concern today, and thus "help shed the light of Christ on the

pathway of the nation. . . . Jesus," he said, "never hesitated to meet these personal and public questions head-on. We are commissioned by the authority of Holy Scriptures to speak with conviction and power in all the areas of freedom, justice, and truth, providing always that we ourselves shall be humble and teachable, never pretending to an infallibility God has never given to any church. What the world needs is not more military hardware, but more food, more schools

and medical care, more love, more peace—more of all that Christ came to bring us in the good news of the Gospel.”

If these needs of the world are to be met we who profess to be Christians must exercise our freedom courageously, always willing to take the risks as well as share the advantages offered by our democracy.

An important area in which we as Christian parents have often failed to exercise our freedom, our right and duty to think, study, and speak, is the education of our children. Most of us recognize that complete education must include religion. Indeed we cherish religion as the motivating, integrating force for democratic maturity. Yet we have been content to see that our own children receive an hour's religious instruction each Sunday and have done nothing in the face of the knowledge that a vast majority of the children in our public schools receive no religious instruction whatsoever.

We believe that the child's commitment to faith in God should be

taught along with democracy. This belief is basic in the well-considered *Pledge to Children* taken by the Midcentury Whitehouse Conference: “We will provide you with all opportunities possible to develop your own faith in God.”

Why do we not keep this *Pledge to Children*? A program of weekday religious education on released time is our best avenue for making religious instruction on a high plain available to all children. But in many communities Protestant leaders, uncertain of the constitutionality of the procedure, are afraid to undertake the task. Evidently they have been impressed too deeply with the doctrine of separation of church and state as set forth in the widely published Illinois case of *McCollum v. Board of Education*. They fail to open their eyes and minds to important, vital, legal concepts enunciated in two other relevant Supreme Court cases, namely the famous “Oregon School Case,” *Pierce v. Society of Sisters*, and the more recent “New York Case,” *Zorach v. Clauson* (1952).

by Sara Cox Keckley

The Ohio Council of Churches.



Parents of weekday pupils examine some of the activities of the boys and girls in Cincinnati weekday classes.

Let us go into a law library and read these cases for ourselves.

The Oregon State Legislature adopted in November, 1922, a Compulsory Education Act, requiring every parent, guardian, or other person having control of a child between eight and sixteen years of age to send him to a public school throughout the school year. Failure to do so was declared a misdemeanor. Before this act became effective in September 1926, two educational corporations challenged its constitutionality, namely a Society of Sisters and Hill Military Academy. The Oregon court decided in favor of the schools. The Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the decrees of the state court, declaring the act unconstitutional.

The following quotation from the Supreme Court opinion, delivered by Justice McReynolds, has become a classic for parents and religious educators, particularly those advocating Weekday Religious Education:

“The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments of this Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instructions from the public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; *those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations.*”

A New York law, as implemented by regulations of the Commissioner of Education, provided that, on consent of the parents, children might be released one hour a week for the purpose of receiving religious instructions from representatives of their faith. The instruction was given off the school premises, but during the school day. The statute involved authorized “absence for religious observance” and was an amendment to the compulsory education law.

The New York courts, after subjecting the law to close examination in the case of *Zorach v. Clauson*, held that there was no violation of the state or federal constitutions.

The case was then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Appellants relied exclusively on the McCollum decision. Appellees distinguished the New York system and the Champaign, Illinois, plan by pointing out that in New York religious instruction was not given in the public school room as it was in Illinois.

In 1952 the United States Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the New York courts and gave its approval to the law permitting release of pupils from the public schools for an hour of instruction in religion. The following quotation is from the majority opinion in *Zorach v. Clauson*, delivered by Justice Douglas:

"We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being. We guarantee the freedom to worship as one chooses. ... When the state encourages religious instruction or cooperates with religious authorities by adjusting the schedule of public events to sectarian needs, it follows the best of our traditions. For it then respects the religious nature of our people and accommodates the public service to their spiritual needs. To hold that it may not would be to find in the Constitution a requirement that the government show a callous indifference to religious groups. That would be preferring those who believe in no religion over those who do believe. Government may not finance religious groups nor undertake religious instruction nor blend secular and sectarian education nor use secular institutions to force one or some religions on any person. But we find no constitutional requirement which makes it necessary for government to be hostile to religion, and to throw its weight against efforts to widen the effective scope of religious influence. The government... may not thrust any sect on any person. It may not make a religious observance compulsory. It may not coerce anyone to attend church, to observe a religious holiday, or to take religious instruction. But it can close its door or suspend its operations as to those who want to



The Ohio Council of Churches.

Mrs. Alice L. Goddard, Executive Director, Department of Weekday Religious Education of the National Council of Churches, explains the National Weekday situation to the Weekday Department of The Ohio Council of Churches.

repair to their religious sanctuary for worship or instruction. No more than that is undertaken here."

Thus the legal objection which deterred many weekday programs after the McCollum decision of 1948 has been overcome by the Supreme Court's approval of classes on released time. Since 1952 cases are decided in the light of a new emphasis—emphasis on co-operation.

May we as parents arouse ourselves from lethargy and indecision and awake to the realization that we are free to see that all children of our communities are given "opportunities to develop their faith in God!"

Because public funds cannot legally be used for teaching religion the programs have to be financed by co-operating churches and community gifts. Teachers should be selected for their commitment to God, their training in religion and education, and their ability to guide boys and girls in Christian living.

In June, 1956, the First National

Conference on Weekday Religious Education was held in Oberlin, Ohio, with three hundred delegates coming from most states of the union. Statistics showed that after nearly half a century of work in Weekday Church School Classes about three million pupils were enrolled in forty-six states. Outstanding leaders represented government, public education, and religious education. The whole thought of the conference was centered on raising the quality of the teaching done, meriting more co-operation by the public schools, arousing churches to more adequate financial support, and relating the weekday school more effectively to the local church and other community agencies.

May we who "nurture and direct the destinies of our children" exercise our freedom of speech to discuss the infinite possibilities of weekday religious education and our freedom of religion to make this program a reality in every community! Thus we shall "help shed the light of Christ on the pathway of the nation."



Family Counselor

Q WILL YOU kindly advise us. My granddaughter, twenty-six years old, has asked me how to cope with her boy of five, a bright, lively boy, normal in every way; but twice has nearly burned their new home. Over a year ago he burned papers in a wastebasket in the utility room. Damage was only smoked walls. He was punished and all matches were kept from him. Last summer, however, he got his father's cigarette lighter, made a tent of his bedclothes, using the lighter as a flashlight, and burned the front of his jacket. Fortunately he got out of the room before smoke got so dense. The smoke awakened his parents (they both work, and were sleeping). They found his room locked. The bedding and mattress were smoldering. Flames had not burst yet when the fire department came.

Twice since he has gotten matches from neighboring children but is watched so closely, he has done no damage.

Fire has such a fascination for him.

What can be done?

A FIRST OF ALL, you can assure your granddaughter that her five-year-old son probably is not much different from other children his age in his interest in fire. He would seem to be a normal, active youngster, who, in the course of his "trial-and-error" experiments, sometimes runs into difficulty. He

cannot be expected, of course, to use the judgment or the self-control of an older child, and the parents obviously should keep matches out of his reach until he gets old enough to use them properly. The same would be true of cigarette lighters.

Although matches should be kept out of his reach, he is old enough to begin having some experiences, under guidance, with them. It is not surprising that he should be so fascinated with fire—it can be fascinating, even to adults. Let him have the joy of striking a match and watching it burn; in fact, parents have been known to let a child strike an entire box of matches, on the theory that after a while the novelty of striking matches and watching them burn will wear off and the child will not be so likely to get into difficulty with them later. Your granddaughter and her husband may want to try this approach.

When there are legitimate fires to be started, such as in the fireplace or in connection with the burning of trash, he could be permitted to light the match and start the fire. In all of this, the parents should explain carefully to him just when matches can be used safely, and when they must not be used. He is old enough to respond favorably to this teaching when it is done in connection with actual situations. Let the parents give him the feeling that they feel he is big enough now to know how to use matches properly. If they mention to others in his presence how much fire fascinates him and how they can't trust him with matches, he is less likely to develop responsibility in connection with them.

It should be remembered, however, that while the child is growing in the development of responsibility, normal precautions should be taken against the possibility of fires.

Samuel M. Maynard

Be a Good Neighbor

(Continued from page 3)

Here it is important not to "do as the Joneses do" (Mary goes steady, Johnny has his own car, television is on next door till midnight, the Smiths give their son three dollars!), but to be strong enough to decide for one's own family. Here help will be generously provided by the principal, the guidance director, the teachers, who know your child so well. No, they won't tell you what to do, but they will help you find direction.

Though kindergarten, elementary school, junior high all have their joys for parents who are aware of the miracle of child development, still the most exciting time is the senior year. The choice of college and career, special exams, the new activities and insights—what fun to get even a peep into the fuller life!

Here one cannot give any rules for parent behavior, it all depends on Miss or Mister Senior. Perhaps he or she needs a little push to get those applications ready. Well, read them over and over (even the finest print), then if you are asked for advice, you can give it intelligently. However, if your applicant wants to work alone, and is able to do it well, hie yourself quickly to the background! The bright glow of future events will reach you even there, so there is no reason for you to feel rejected.

Above are a few suggestions for those who would be "good neighbors" to the school. On your own, you will find many ways to react as an aware and cooperative parent. One thing to remember—don't ever close your mind, but rather inform yourself fully before making judgments. For understanding widens horizons, vitalizes goals, and serves the Christian way of life.

Wilhelmina Wins a Blue Ribbon

(Continued from page 21)

"Oh, yes," Teddy started to run, then he stopped suddenly. "I still think Wilhelmina would have won the prize at the Fair," he said wistfully. "But," brightening, "since Wilhelmina can't go maybe I could get her a blue ribbon anyway! Do you have some blue ribbon I could have, Mother?" Teddy's eyes and voice pleaded.

"Well, there's that piece left from the apron I made for the bazaar," said Mother, "but——."

"Oh, that's wonderful," cried Teddy as he dashed off. In a few minutes he returned with food and water, the ribbon, a thin, flat board, some nails, a hammer, and a pair of scissors.

"What in the world?" asked Mother and Daddy together.

"Since Wilhelmina can't go to the Fair I will bring the ribbons to her

that I know she and the babies would have won."

Teddy cut one long piece of blue ribbon, then seven short pieces. He nailed the long piece on one end of the board, then, one under another he nailed on the seven small pieces. When he had finished, he nailed the board on the front of the dog house. He watched proudly as the eight little banners waved in the air.

"I'll bet no one else has a rabbit that won eight blue ribbons," giggled Teddy.

"May we be the first to congratulate you," laughed Mother and Daddy as they extended their hands.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." (Matthew 6: 11-13).

The Words

A Devour	L Riddle
B Usual	M Figure
C Valise	N Motive
D Valet	O Fought
E Bootee	P Tavern
F Oyster	Q Thumb
G Dials	R Divide
H Fidget	S Brood
I Norway	T Banana
J Ruins	U Roses
K Sound	V Taps

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

group. Then at a meeting a month or two later perhaps it would be possible to take about ten minutes to allow as many parents as will consent to do so, to share with the group some of the family experiences they have had simply because they deliberately "made" time for the whole family to enjoy life together.

4. Christian parents must realize that the values they wish to transmit to their children are received more vividly and indelibly by action than by precept. Christian attitudes are learned best by family interaction. In view of this truth why not have a concluding time of prayer specifically related to God's guidance for the all-important responsibility and privilege of living, learning, worshipping, playing, and working with our children.

III. Books and Pamphlets That May Be Helpful

1. Goller, Gertrude. *When Parents Get Together*. New York: The Child Study Association of America, Inc., 1955.

2. Hymes, James L. Jr. *Being a Good Parent*. New York: Bureau of Publications, Columbia University, 1949.

3. Neisser, Edith and Walter. *Making the Grade as Dad*. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 157, 1950.

4. Pratt, Dallas and Neher, Jack. *Mental Health Is a Family Affair*. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 155, 1949.

Wilbur



"Teacher sure believes in this 'do-it-yourself' business—Gave us 18 problems for homework."



BOOKS for the hearthside

For Children

Children will enjoy a charming new book by Nora S. Unwin. It is *Poquito* David McKay Co., 1959, unpagged, \$2.75), a story of a small duck hatched and raised with a family of turkeys in a garden in Mexico. Poquito knew he was different from his brothers and sisters, and wondered if he would be like them when he grew up. When the family was disturbed by a small black dog and flew over the garden wall, Poquito flew with them. One early morning he heard a flock of wild ducks call, and joined them. He could not keep up with them, so he fell to earth—tired, hungry, discouraged, lost, and alone in the middle of the desert. Children will be delighted to learn how he found a friend, a new home, a new accomplishment, and a new name! The author's interesting illustrations add to the charm of the book.

Rainbow on the Rhine, by Helen Train Werth (J. B. Lippincott Co., 1959, 91 pages, \$2.75), is a story of Peter who spent a year in Germany with his parents. Peter did not know anything about Germany. The houses looked different. The people looked different. The food was different. He could not understand what anyone said, but he was determined *not* to learn German. Then he met Franz and his dog. With these friends he began to see the interesting and beautiful sights—and even to learn German. How he was able to help Marta, Franz's sister, and how Franz made him a gift all add up to a good story for children from eight to ten. Kurt Werth has illustrated the story with black line drawings.

A book that will help boys and girls, ten years of age and up, to answer some of their questions is *God, Help Me Understand* (Abingdon Press, 1959, 96 pages, \$2.50). Written by Dorothy LaCroix Hill, a long-time friend of children and well-known writer and Christian education worker, this book brings out many of the questions that concern boys and girls. Not all of them are answered—some of them cannot be.

However, Mrs. Hill suggests ways of thinking about these problems that will help a boy or girl, or his parents or teachers, to understand more about God and his world. In the process, important truths are learned. The book contains four sections: "I Wonder about God"; "I Wonder about God and Things That Happen"; "I Wonder about God and Myself"; "Who but the Son of God?" A full-page illustration and the important questions dealt with introduce each section. Each section is broken into several smaller ones. The illustrations are by William A. McCaffery. This book should be in every church school library.

For Adults

A book that has long been needed is *A Christian Interpretation of Marriage*, by Henry A. Bowman (Westminster Press, Phila., 1959, 127 pages, \$2.50). Here is a brief, readable, authoritative, straightforward discussion of a very vital problem. The author has been for 25 years a marriage counselor and teacher of college marriage courses and is now professor of sociology at the University of Texas. Ninety-four pages of text are devoted to these topics: The Nature of Sex, The Nature of Marriage, Premarital Sexual Relations, The Christian Wedding Ceremony, Jesus' Teachings, Jesus and Divorce, Jesus and Paul, and Interfaith Marriage. The remaining 28 pages provide helpful suggestions for using the book as a basic guide for discussion groups or church school classes of parents or young people of marriageable age. Certainly the book should be in every church library.

Another of the many new books dealing with the problems of rearing children is *The Magic Years*, by Selma H. Fraiberg (Scribners, New York, 1959, 305 pages, \$3.95). This book is a study of understanding and handling the problems of the first five years of a child's life, the magic years. The author expressly disclaims that she can

give any final or short answers to the many problems that are raised. She endeavors to offer suggestions as to how any problem may be met but most of all gives practical insight to the personality of the child as it develops through the early years. This is a very valuable book for young parents although most *Hearthstone* readers will notice that it says nothing at all about religious or spiritual development and training. She deals to some extent with conscience, moral and ethical development and reveals by the general tone of her book that she is probably sympathetic toward religious ideals. Her authority, however, is not in this field but in the field of psychology and social casework. The book should be used for the real values it contains, not condemned for what it lacks.

For Young People

The book, *Oh, Brother*, by Viola Rowe (Longmans, Green and Co., 1955, 214 pages, \$2.75), opens with Peter getting ready to join the French Foreign Legion—well, not quite, but rather the United States Army. Penny, his twin sister, is quite upset, but finds repose in Slats—that is everything but repose as Peter has assigned to him the task of playing brother to the impossible Penny. One of Penny's choice statements: "If I'm not me, who am I?" In a sense, the book is a discovery of what and who she is, a discovery that she herself makes. Penny's world had suddenly become confusing. Peter was away. No longer could she ride with him to school. There was nothing to do. School was not the same. Finally Penny hits upon the idea of starting a youth center. Activity gets under way. There are plans to be made, meetings to attend, decisions to vote upon, announcements to be made. Penny becomes wrapped up in all the activity. Her role, her intimate and warm family life, and her relationship with friends make this a warm moving story for teenagers.

OVER THE BACK FENCE

Look to Your Schools, O America!

As this is written the school district in which the writer lives is facing a crisis. A special election is being held to approve the continuance of the tax rate which will assure maintenance of the educational program at its present level. If the voters fail to approve the present tax rate, money available for the program in the next fiscal year will be reduced by more than one-half. Such a prospect is almost too frightening to contemplate.

This crisis in a specific district is symbolic of the crises that face educational forces all over our land. These crises are entirely apart from the recent furor caused by so-called supremacy of Russian education. Much evidence has been brought forth that makes such superiority highly debatable if not untrue. The crises considered here are entirely within our own sphere of responsibility. Note a few of the more obvious ones.

There is a shortage of buildings. The exact number of schoolrooms lacking may vary according to "who's talking" but the shortage is hardly debatable. Many of the buildings still in use should be condemned as unsafe while others are totally inadequate and outmoded. Many districts have experienced such booming increases in school population that new buildings cannot be built rapidly enough.

There is a shortage of teachers. Here again there may be room for some dispute as to the exact proportions of the shortage. However, many teachers are leaving for other fields, fewer teachers are coming from our colleges, school populations are increasing, all of which adds up to a shortage.

There is a shortage of school-families. About 50 per cent of the household units in the United

States have no children of school age. This means that the number of voters whose primary interest in schools is not acute is increasing. They are less concerned to maintain school taxes at the level necessary for good schools. They are even less ready to increase taxes.

There are growing tensions between public education and private and/or parochial schools. Demands are growing stronger from supporters of parochial schools for public support, particularly by the Roman Catholic constituency.

There is much apathy and unconcern on the part of too many regarding these crises, which is perhaps the basic crisis of all.

Democracy as we know it in America is doomed without a strong and vital educational system. Therefore, the Christian parents of the land as well as all parents concerned both about their children and their nation must look to their schools and the crises they face.

New Helps for Parents' Groups

For years *Hearthstone* has carried a program article each month for use by parents' groups. On May 15 a small book appeared containing reprints of 10 of the articles that were published during the years 1956-1958. This is the first opportunity *Hearthstone* has had to call attention of its readers to this publication. It may be ordered from the publishers of this magazine at a cost of \$1. Richard E. Lentz, well known to most of the readers of *Hearthstone*, compiled the book and has written helpful guidance to its use.

Why not call together a group of parents in your church, or meet in your home once each month, using this book as your program guide? Or perhaps you would be able to have a class of parents to meet together for a quarter, using this book as your basic study material. Parents' groups in many churches have found these programs valuable helps in family life education. Specially trained leadership is not necessary in order to have interesting and helpful meetings. Try it in your church!

The First Day of the Last Child

How still the house, how sweet
the peace,
How soon my work is done.
The time I've waited for is here,
My New Day has begun.
But oh, how long the silent hours
That follow one another,
And how I wait for his return—
Our schoolboy "baby brother."

—Dorothy P. Barlow

Poetry Page

Inconsistency

His horizon was the fence that
closed his acres in.
His interest, otherwise, concerned
his nearest kin.
He shut his Maker out, not plan-
ning to, perhaps;
Was well content to mend his
lengthy fence of gaps
And sow his precious seed with
hope of a generous yield,
But he gave to God no share of
gain from any field;
No thanks for rain or sun that as
a rule had filled
His barns to bursting point, from
the land his plow had tilled.
Yet strangely, in his mind, if any
crop were lost,
The blame belonged to God—for
blight or drought or frost.

—Clarice Foster Booth

Baby That Is to Be

From somewhere
Out of the mysterious forces
At God's command,
And His alone,
You are being fashioned
In His own image
Our baby that is to be!

Even now
God knows your every feature;
Has planned each intricate part
Of your tiny form;
Knows what will be your nature;
What gifts be yours,
Our baby that is to be!

We wonder
Will you be a boy child?
A son bequeathed to us
To love, to mold, to guide
Into whatever plan
He has for you,
Our baby that is to be?

Or are you
A new daughter,
Fairest of God's creations,
Fresh from His heavenly fields,
To us entrusted
His love for you
Our baby that is to be?

No matter
Whether golden curls or dark;
Boy, girl, merry, serious;
We welcome you into our hearts
And wait your coming
With such love
Our baby that is to be!

—Florence Lane Lehr



Follow the Fall BOOK parade

Come along and join the fun. It's national catch-up-on-reading season! We have drummed up a whole parade of books for the longer, cooler evening that lie ahead. Choose yours now!

NEW FRIENDS FOR PEPE

by Anne Halladay. (for children 3-5) The son of migrant Mexican workers, sad at leaving his friends, learns that a smile brings new friends as his family moves to a new home in Colorado. **\$1.75**

CHRISTIAN GROWTH IN FAMILY LIFE

compiled by Richard E. Lentz. From *Hearthstone* magazine are reprinted 10 practical study programs that are perfect for group study of home and parent responsibilities. Each program has resource reading for members and guidance material for the leader. **paperbound, \$1.00**

WEMBI, THE SINGER OF STORIES

by Alice D. Cobble. An entertaining book for everyone—adults and older children alike! Authentic African folk tales are told by the elder of an African village. Some parable-like stories illustrate a moral. Others are just for fun. You'll enjoy all of them—and become acquainted with the customs and culture of Africa. **\$2.75**

SPACE, ATOMS, AND GOD

by Jack Finegan. A noted theologian takes a penetrating look at the space age, the place of faith in it, and challenges it offers Christians. Dr. Finegan is sympathetic in his interpretation of contemporary life, but believes that the really new age for man started in Jesus Christ and that the ultimate home for today lies in Christian faith. **\$3.00**

MAKING THE MOST OF THE TIME

by Christopher T. Garriott. Winner of the 1958 *Bethany Book Awards* \$2500 prize. How can Christianity help man face the pressures of life? How can individual Christians use time to further Christianity? Important issues of today are clarified in this interpretation of redemption. **\$3.00**

NO SOUTH OR NORTH

by Roger H. Crook. What is Christian responsibility in America's race problem? A white, Southern, Protestant minister takes a searching look at the chasm between faith and practice. Briefly tracing the history of the racial problem and examining the present Negro status and Bible teachings, he suggests positive approaches. **\$2.50**

HORIZONS OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

by Paul S. Minear. A book to help thoughtful people renew understanding of the New Testament Christian society. Clear statements set forth God's design for the church and man's experience within it. Illuminating passages explore what it means to belong to the church, the ministry of the laity, and the destiny of the Christian community. **\$2.75**

THE LIVING CHURCH

by Lynn Harold Hough. This unusual book traces the effect of the preaching ministry in the life of the church. The minister is pictured as the living voice of the church, speaking to interpret the sacraments, offer prayer and proclaim the gospel to the world. **\$2.50**

PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY

by Charles F. Kemp. A down-to-earth guidebook for high school or college men interested in the ministry. A valuable sourcebook for counselors. **paperbound, \$1.50**

BALTI

by Ella Huff Kepple. (for children 7-11) An ingenious tale of a Mexican boy and his burro, Balti. Woven into the story of their happy, adventurous life are details of the customs, foods, celebrations and everyday life of Mexico. **\$2.50**

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